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NATIONAL LEAD CO.

Chicago Branch,
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Democratic-Northwest. AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

MARTIAL law is many points ahead of anarchy, in Chicago or elsewhere.

Low wages are disagreeable, but it should not be forgotten that strikers receive no wages.

DENNIS gets \$3,000 a year, but the strikers and his family only gets hungry. Hardly a fair division.

The democratic administration has plenty of "sand" and steam to carry the train up the heaviest grade, even if the track has been greased.

PEOPLE who have had no personal experience in a revolution are apt to talk more glibly on the subject than those who know its full meaning.

The Democratic Senators can find better work to do than holding a caucus to read anybody out of the Democratic party.

EVERY man has a right to strike and throw up his job whenever he feels so inclined; no man has a right to interfere with others or to destroy property.

SYMPATHY for men on strike against a too greedy corporation and endorsement of the violation of law in any manner are entirely different feelings.

FEAR of the corporations on one hand and of the labor organizations on the other will probably prevent Congressional legislation on railroad strikes.

NOTWITHSTANDING the epidemic of blatant demagoguery we are passing through, the sturdy common sense of the people at large may be relied upon to bring things around all right in the end.

THERE is one thing about Grover Cleveland's backbone that pleases his enemies as well as his friends; it meets a great crisis with the same unbending attitude that it does the small affairs of official life.

THE fool killer must have made the mistake of going to Europe this year without leaving a deputy to do his work on this side.

It is difficult to understand that the times are bad in a country that can support numerous gangs of idle men calling themselves "industrialists," "commonwealers," etc., as well as thousands of strikers.

Men with small-pox or cholera are isolated for treatment. Why then should anarchist agitators be allowed to remain at large? The authorities protect the bodies of the people, why not their minds?

INSTEAD of denouncing President Cleveland the labor organizations ought to thank him for having the courage to interfere in time to prevent those organizations being led into taking steps that would have brought life long regret.

REPUBLICANS have scaled down their claims as to the majority they expect to have in the next House to fifteen. Next November they will know that the majority will be democratic.

THE labor organizations of New Orleans having several years ago conducted the most complete "sympathetic" strike on record, respectfully declined to repeat it at Mr. Deb's request. Once was enough.

CONGRESSMAN PARCHEL, of Texas, never spoke truer than when said: "The Demagoguery in Congress and the press and among a restless, shallow, low order of politicians is responsible for much of this contempt for all forms of law and government."

SOME of the Democratic Senators would be better employed in showing their own claims to be called Democrats than in preparing to read Senator Hill out of the party.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT RIVERDALE.

BY PHILIP FIELD.
CHAPTER I.

It was a calm still evening, so still not a leaf seemed to stir in the tall trees that so darkly shaded the old house by the river.

It was a glorious looking house, large and square in the main part, with a small wing putting out on one side, though this wing was scarcely visible, being densely shaded by evergreens, and over-run with ivy.

The building was devoid of paint, and walls, roof, and even the window shutters, had acquired the same weathered neutral tint, affected by artists, but not usually admired by the thrifty Americans, who is lavish of the most glorious hues in decorating his domestic paradise.

The walks and roads around the old house were overgrown with grass and weeds, and though they had not been trodden by foot of man for a decade at least.

Nor had they, as far as known, for the property was owned by parties in a distant city, and the house had been unoccupied for many years.

There were two reasons, at least, for this desertion. The house was situated on the outskirts of a half alive little village, where the houses outnumbered the families, and by common report, the place was 'haunted.'

It had no appearance of being haunted by anything more animated than dust and decay, for the shutters were nailed down, the doors part closed, and no smoke ever curled from the blackened chimney where the wild birds built their nests, unmolested by prowling cat or marauding boy.

As I stood there idly leaning upon the sagging gate, and puffing a cigar, I fell to musing over the old house, and wondering who had lived and loved, suffered and rejoiced within those gloomy walls.

And a wave of sentimental pity swept over me, for the old ruin, deserted, forlorn, yet doomed to stand there as a monument of the departed life.

And I likened my own life to it, in the self pitying way to which young people are prone, for the light of my life had gone out and only the form of it remained.

I had resolved to not think of it, since coming to this country place to regain the health I had lost, for I well knew, what the doctors did not, that it was not overwork that had broken me down, but a great sorrow.

But what use to tell your physician this? None at all. He but talks wisely of 'overwork' and 'nervous prostration' and unfailingly prescribes 'rest' and 'tonics.'

So here I was taking the dictated rest from work, and the tonic in the shape of country air and food.

But in spite of all my resolutions to the contrary, my mind would wander into the forbidden paths of conjecture, and I lived my trouble over again, in the vain effort to solve the mystery of Helena Johnson's marriage to Silas Gordon, for that she was false was a thought I could not and would not harbor.

I had no word from her, but a coldly worded note of farewell, and request to be released from her pledge to me.

And when, in hot haste, I traveled to the city in which my darling lived, she was married and gone.

That was all I knew, or tried to know; what use to learn the details, the base part was enough.

Her father had accompanied them on their wedding journey so I had not the poor satisfaction of demanding an explanation of him.

Well nigh frantic with grief and disappointment, I returned home and plunged recklessly, feverishly, into work, but outraged nature rebelled at last, I was forced to relinquish my place on the staff of one of the daily papers, and recruit, if possible, my wasted energies in the soothing atmosphere of country air and quietude, and surely no greater degree of quiet could be found than in Riverdale.

I had never heard the story of the haunted house, had never cared to do so, for I had no fancy for, nor belief in, spiritual manifestations. Why should they linger round the scene of their suffering after kindly death had brought relief?

So I leaned there and dreamed, long after my cigar had burned out.

Not a sound broke the profound stillness of the place. Even the birds had finished their evening concert and were safely hidden away for the night.

The moon had risen, full orb, and flooded the old house with mellow light, while the trees cast long shadows on the ground.

Someway the silence oppressed me. I began to long for human companionship. I shivered slightly though not with cold, for the night was warm.

I turned to go, when suddenly a shrill scream broke on the startled air, so shrill, so clear, yet so utterly despairing, that my heart gave a wild throb.

'Someone in agony or terror,' I thought, as I hastily undid the clumsy fastening of the old gate, and as I did so I caught a glimpse, between the trees that clustered around the wing of the building, of a tall slender figure clothed in white, all white from head to foot, the figure of a woman I felt sure, though I did not see the face.

It was only a fleeting glimpse, yet a strange thrill ran over me.

I fairly ran up the path toward the thicket of trees, but neither sight nor sound rewarded my diligent search. There was no sign of life in or around the house. The shutters and doors were securely fastened, no light shone out of crack or crevice.

I spent an hour or so in vain search, and then returned to the village.

The next day I made cautious inquiries in regard to the haunted house.

My landlady, a simple kindly old soul, showed surprise at my questions.

'Have you never heard the story?' she asked.

'Well, it happened about eighteen years ago.'

The owner, quite a youngish sort of man, lived there with his wife and baby.

He was an inventor, I believe, a dreamy, abstracted man, who didn't want people around to bother him; so his wife, a sweet young thing, staid right at home with the little girl. But one day a stranger came to the house, an old friend of the family, a cousin or something, and a real handsome young fellow.

After that the lady used to be seen out riding or walking with the handsome stranger, usually accompanied by the little one, a quiet child and very like her mother.

So everything went on smoothly as far as anyone knew, until one night a terrible thing happened.

The fair young wife had shot herself through the heart.

She was found in the library, by a servant who heard the report of the pistol.

It was a little toy her husband had given her some time before, to gratify the fancy she had taken to learn to shoot at a mark.

Poor lady, she had hit the mark too well that time.

'But was no one suspected of having killed her?' I asked. 'No, they sent for a doctor and the coroner, and the latter reported it a case of 'accidental shooting,' but whether it was accidental, or whether the poor thing was unhappy and took her own life, no one will ever know.'

'Where was her husband at the time,' I asked.

'He was out in the shrubbery with the visitor, and poor man, he was nearly wild when they told him.'

'Did he take no steps to try and discover the murderer?'

'The good lady looked at me in surprise.'

'What need when there had been no murder?' she said simply.

'And the appearance at the old house?' I asked the question in a careless tone, as I cracked the shell of my second egg.

'Oh, they do say that the dead lady can be seen walking in the shrubbery, and sometimes a fearful scream is heard, as of some one in mortal agony.'

'At what time do these occurrences take place?'

'Always at night, and more especially on the seventh of June, the anniversary of the night on which she died.'

The seventh of June, and this was the eighth!

Again that strange thrill passed over me, and I put my cup of coffee down unattended.

It was perhaps a week after this that in taking my daily walk, my feet strayed in the direction of the old house.

It was noonday, and no moon threw ghostly shadows to startle the imagination.

I smiled a little in remembrance of my own folly. Strange what queer freaks a man's fancy will play upon him.

And then just as these thoughts passed through my mind, the sound of music fell upon my ear. Soft and low, but distinct, the notes of an old tune played on a tinkling old piano, floated out upon the midday air, from the direction of that gruesome wing.

I would solve the mystery this time!

Again I passed through the sagging gate, and followed the scarcely visible foot path that led to the wing.

I had traversed but half the distance, when the music stopped as abruptly as it had begun, and profound silence reigned over all the place.

As before I searched in vain for signs of life about the deserted place, and vexed and irritated I left the haunted house to solitude, and betook myself to the woods.

It might have been a month after this, that my landlady greeted me with a smiling face.

'I have some news for you, Mr. Holden, about the haunted house that you are so interested in.'

'Interested in!' I groaned in spirit. Hide anything from a woman if you can!

'The old house has animate, at last,' pursued the good lady, an old colored woman.

'Alone?'

'Yes, quite alone. Says she has come to take care of the house and look after things.'

'Strange that the owners have taken so sudden an interest in the place after all these years.'

'Better late than never,' replied the good soul laconically.

Does she talk like an intelligent person? I asked the question idly, as I swung lazily in the hammock under the grateful shade of trees.

'Talk, no, she is dumb.'

'Dumb!' I whistled softly under my breath. 'Quite a mysterious person. But have you seen her?'

'Yes, at the corner store, she had a basket on her arm, and was an odd enough looking figure, in a black dress, black gloves, and an immense black sun bonnet.'

'How did she make known her wants?'

'O, she can read and write.'

I quite pitied the poor thing, living there all alone, and she seemed feeble to, for she was quite stooped over, and walked as if she found the basket of provisions too heavy a load. 'Must be queer people to send an old creature like that down here,' I said, with which opinion my

good friend agreed most heartily.

I soon learned by the hammock and went off to the river for a day of lounging and fishing, where I forgot all about the old house and its new occupant.

It was nearly nightfall, as slowly drifting down the stream, I passed by it, outlined big and gloomy against the evening sky.

But I noticed two new features about the place; a little boat lay at the old boat landing, and a faint gleam of light shone out from the old wing.

'So the old lady likes to go boating, and has selected the wing for her abode.' I thought 'surely she must be a courageous old party to live in that gloomy house all alone.'

A few days later I happened to be near the place in taking a stroll across the country.

Acting on an impulse I opened the sagging gate and went in. I followed the path leading to the back of the building, meaning to ask for a drink of water, and so obtain a glimpse of the old woman.

There had been a feeble attempt to clean up the place, and I noticed beneath the trees near the wing that the rank weeds had been uprooted, and the dead leaves raked together. It was really quite pleasant in the fresh morning air.

All was quiet, save the rustle of the leaves, and the cooing of doves.

Suddenly a sweet, low laugh fell on my wondering ears.

Low, but clear and musical as the note of the bobolink.

Strange that a dumb person could laugh like that.

I came around the corner of the house and found the object of my search.

There was the old woman, dressed as my informant had described her; plain black gown, black bonnet, but with the addition of a large white apron.

But what held me silent was the picture she made standing there in the bright morning sunshine, for a flock of doves hovered around her.

One perched on her shoulder, one on her hand, while others circled around her head uttering soft cooing sounds.

With one hand the old woman was scattering corn on the ground at her feet.

She was evidently not deaf, for my step on the gravel made her start and look around.

I made known my request for water.

She nodded and hobbled off, leaving me in the sunshine watching the pink-footed birds as they jostled each other in their eagerness to get the scattered corn.

It seemed a long time before she reappeared, but the bore in her black glove covered hand a glass of cool, sparkling water.

The hand that held the glass trembled, as though from extreme old age, the other was hidden under the white apron.

'Thank you, Auntie,' I said, as I took the glass from her tremulous hand, 'it was too bad to put you to so much trouble.'

The head in the big bonnet shook gently.

'Are you not afraid to live here alone so far from anyone?' I ventured. She only shook her head again, and more decidedly, and taking the empty glass vanished into the house.

I stood there a little while, hoping she would return, but she did not.

The doves had finished their corn, and flown away, fluttering and cooing, and I too, turned away and went slowly down the path.

But as I walked I wondered, for the figure of the old black crane, when I first came upon her, was erect as a young sapling, and I could have sworn that the ungloved hand that scattered the golden corn was small and white!

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

MOTHER HAVE YOU A BABY?

If so, get from your druggist to-day for 25 cents a bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Every baby often has distressing colic. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure gives immediate relief by removing wind from the stomach and quieting the nerves, giving restful sleep. Mother, think of the worry and anxiety this saves you. If your baby is teething, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for 25 cents soothes and relieves all pain. Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, Ohio.

GUILTY HANDS.

Yes, sir, it was the spring of 1855. You could tell that from the way the clouds blew up from Richmond, but the inhabitants of "ole Squire Godbolt's" quarters were the only ones who knew that sign. Marm Huldy originated the idea. She would stand in the midst of a conclave of woolly heads, and pointing to shadowy clouds just rising above the horizon would roll her eyes in most oracular fashion, and her words would emerge ponderously, as the telling blows of a sledge hammer.

'De smoke am 'ceadin', she would say, 'and de Yanks am hittin' hard. Chillum, we am gwine to lebe here soon.'

No one doubted her. They had great faith in Marm Huldy, and she told their fortunes in coffee grounds and chased the witches away from their beds. But there was one man who did not believe in signs. That was Terror Fire. He would grunt disdainfully at her prognostications and heap ridicule upon her signs.

'Nebber yo' min, Terror Fire,' she would scream wrathfully, 'some ob my signs am gwine ter be yo' undon. Now, yo' min. Yo' ain't done been bit fo' times by a moccasin fer nuttin. Dat's sign enuff dat de debble am in yer. Now, all yo' niggers hear me talkin'!

'We hears yo', Marm Huldy,' they would say, and Terror Fire would laugh a loud, low laugh and trot off to his cabin. He was great Terror was. He was the early, cynical Diogenes of the plantation, and Squire Godbolt often found it in his heart to obstruct some of his sunshine, and once he was aided and abetted by Marm Huldy. You see it came about this way:

Attached to the "big house" and not far from the quarters there was a poultry yard, and in this poultry yard there flourished and grew many fowls of both sexes. They were beautiful birds and the pride of Mrs. Godbolt's heart. Very well. There were more hens than roosters; consequently the latter were rare and much prized. However, there were several roosters, but one big fellow, who was sultan of the harlem. He "ruled the roost," and every morning just at day his voice was the first living sound to be heard. This fellow was named Adam and was the apple of Mrs. Godbolt's eye.

She knew his crow from all the others and every morning would arouse herself to catch the liquid notes of his early salutation; then she would fall asleep again, satisfied that he was there.

But one day she awoke and listened, and listened in vain, for the call of the chanticleer. The shades of midnight vanished, and the rising sun peeped in through the cracks, and still no sound had roused the sleeping world. Not a cock had crowed. They were waiting for the great lord to have his "say," but the great lord's voice was silent, and Mrs. Godbolt's heart shuddered within her.

She awoke the squire, and together they repaired to the fowlhouse. There, on the roosts and in the nests and on the ground, were all the chickens, safe and sound, all but Adam. Mrs. Godbolt gave a little scream, and the squire rushed into the house and blew the horn. Madly, fiercely, he blew it, and the sounds brought all the negroes into the yard.

'Now,' said Squire Godbolt, 'I want you all to listen, for I have got something to say. You are all paying attention?'

'Yes, sah,' they chorused, and Marm Huldy whispered, 'De 'manicipation am done come; de smoke am 'ceadin' from Richmond.'

But she was wrong; the next words showed how wrong, and scattered all her ecstatic hopes.

'Well,' roared the squire, 'Adam is gone, and I am going to find him. Now, the nigger who has that rooster step up and hand him over.'

His words fell like a thunderbolt. They all knew Adam, and they saw from the squire's determined look that he meant what he said.

'Hand him over,' reiterated the squire, and every negro's knees shook.

'But we ain't got him, squire, an how can we han him ober when we ain't got him?'

It was Terror Fire who spoke, and some of them wondered at his nerve, but Marm Huldy smiled and shook her head.

'Thunderation!' yelled the squire. 'Well, he's gone, and somebody's got him, and I mean to find out where he is.'

They argued there for two hours, and at the end of that time were no wiser than at first. Then Marm Huldy came to the rescue. She stepped up to the squire, and dropping a "cursey" wished to have a word in private. The negroes were dumfounded.

'Marm Huldy couldn't a-stole dat rooster,' they said. 'Marm Huldy am honest!'

But whatever Marm Huldy was confessing to pleased the squire, and he bowed his head and smiled two or three times during the discourse. Then Marm Huldy stepped back, and the squire advanced to the front.

'You may all go now,' he said, 'but tonight at 7 o'clock I want to see you all back in this yard—every chick and child.' And they departed.

Many of them shunned Marm Huldy's cabin during the day, but the old woman was busy up at the "big house" and was not aware of it.

Night came and with it all the hands from the quarters. They were all there at 7 o'clock sharp. Ten minutes past Squire Godbolt came out and after him Marm Huldy and two boys with a great black pot. The squire drew a circle and placed the inverted pot in the center. Then he turned to the crowd.

'Now,' he said, 'all of you see that pot? Well, that is to decide who stole Adam.' There was a show of interest. 'Adam is gone, and he has got to be found, or his approximate whereabouts. Now, all of you step up. I am going to extinguish the light, and it will be dark. Then all of you walk around that pot, touching it with your two hands as you pass. Let your palms come down full upon it. You all see that pot. It has been washed, but after the test and the light is turned on the guilty man will have soot upon his hands. Now, out with the light, and here goes.'

They formed in a ring and around the pot they passed, some clapping it hard so the sound could be heard.

'There, now!' yelled the squire, 'all around. Very well. On with the light and hand up your hands.'

The light was made and the negroes passed by for inspection. But what was their consternation, for on every pair of hands there was a coat of soot! One by one they came, with sorrow depicted on their faces—all but Terror Fire's. He grinned broadly and showed the whites of his eyes philosophically.

'Come on,' called the squire, and Terror stepped up glibly. 'Hold out your hands.' He passed them out, and lo and behold, they were clean!

'Ah,' said the squire, 'here is the rogue,' and Terror's grin faded behind his ears.

'He was afraid to touch the pot. He was afraid the soot would stick to his hands. Now, Terror, up and confess.'

Terror's knees shook beneath him, but the evidence was convincing. Was there not a half of Adam still hidden under the bed?

He confessed, and some more of his sunshine was obstructed. Marm Huldy laughed and shook her fat sides with glee.

'What I tell yo'?' she asked. 'What I tell yo', Terror Fire? Dis nigger am

no fool—she know, an I tell yo' dat sign nebber fail. De smoke am 'ceadin' from Richmond, an dese niggers' gwine left here soon, but I tell yo', Terry, de signs am dat yo' gwine let yo' hide behin'.

—Elizabeth A. Hines in Atlanta Constitution.

CUSTOMS OF COSTERS.

They Lead a Precarious Life, but Are Philosophers All the Time.

A writer in the London Quiver says that the costers are now a large class, and that the coster's work is extremely hard and his profits are precarious; he lives for a good purpose. When he speaks of himself as "a general dealer," he means that he trades in anything which enables him to turn an honest penny.

His ordinary mode of life is even lower than is meant by living from hand to mouth. When he turns out in the small hours of the morning to look round the streets for the day's work, he will consist in fish, vegetables or fruit. He may take a hasty penny breakfast in the street, and then go to Billingsgate with the idea of "loading up" with the first, only to find that everything is